

A Viking's Hair

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Summary: Hiccup used to have long hair as a child because his father believed he looked more like a Viking with it. However, Hiccup hates his hair with a fiery passion and decides to take matters into his own hands. Find out what happens.

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**Disclaimer: I do not own any characters used in this story.
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Author's Note: This story is set deep in Hiccup's childhood before he lost his mother. I decided that it was appropriate for him to have long hair at some point in his life and I wanted to explain how Hiccup got the hairstyle he has today. Please review:)

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><p>It was a stormy day with gray clouds looming high above the island. Eight year old Hiccup watched with wide eyes as his father took a large dragon down with a club. Dragons he knew were a big proem on the island, but he'd never before seen one in person, or watched anyone take one down. Pride for his father glowed in his chest. Someday he wanted to be just like his dad. The thought caused the smile on his face to vanish. He stared at the ground sadly. He had been told repeatedly that he would never become a true viking. Even at a young age he was incredibly weaker than the other children. Add that onto the fact that nearly everyone considered him a nuisance, he might as well kiss his dreams of slaying dragons goodbye.</p>

Then it started to rain, first lightly than thick sheets of rain came hurdling down, making it hard to see. "Hiccup come in hon!" A gentle voice called. Slowly the young boy started making his way up to the house, occasionally looking back over his shoulder for his father. Finally he reached the house and walked inside. His mother was

sitting by the fire. He stood in the door frame, his clothes and hair dripping onto the floor. "Come sit by the fire," his mother motioned. He did as she said, taking his seat next to her and warming instantly. His mother took in his form, noting how tangled his long reddish-brown hair was. "Wait here, I'll be right back," she muttered and left the room. When she returned she was carrying a comb in one hand. "Sit still," she ordered, standing behind Hiccup. She carefully pulled the leather cord tying his hair together out and began combing out the tangles.

Hiccup winced in pain as his mother pulled on his head. He had never minded having long hair until now. Lately it was just too long and constantly tangled. He hated it and the pain and inconvenience it caused him. He closed his eyes and cleared his throat, internally making a decision to try and fix it.

"Hey Mom?" he asked. "Yes Hiccup?" She replied, unknotting the final tangles from his hair. She pulled him into her lap and stroked his long, tangle free hair. "Can I get a haircut?" He questioned timidly. She looked into his deep green eyes curiously. He'd never asked for a haircut before. "I guess so, I'll trim it tomorrow," she answered. He shook his head. "I don't want it trimmed, I want it cut. I don't want long hair I want it to be short," Hiccup stated boldly. Sadness filled her chest. "I'm sorry hon, I can't do that," she replied. His eyebrows crinkled in confusion. "Why not?" He asked. She sighed. "Your father believes that in order to be a Viking, you have to have long hair. For some reason he thinks that if he keeps your hair long, you'll have a better chance at being a Viking," she explained.

Hiccup squirmed in her lap. "I don't like that," he said. She nodded. "I know Hiccup, but he'd be really upset if I cut it cut. You don't want that do you?" She asked. He hanged his head. "No," he muttered, sadness filling his eyes. "Sorry sweet pea," his mother said. He shrugged. Suddenly he was hit with dark realization. "I'll never be able to have short hair, will I?" He asked. His mother shook her head. "Probably not," she admitted. He let out a long sigh and pulled a lock of his dark hair over his shoulder. He began stroking it softly. "I-I guess I'll just have to deal with it," he said. She kissed him softly on the forehead. "I'm sorry Hiccup, maybe one day you'll learn to love it." "Maybe," he agreed, shoulders sagging. "Why don't you go to bed hon?" She asked. He nodded sadly. "Okay," he said, kissing her on the cheek. Morosely he headed to his room.

Over the next few weeks Hiccup quietly tried to like his hair, any talk of cutting it had subsided and his mother had nearly forgotten their conversation. Hiccup observed the other Viking's hairstyles in interest. He noted that every single Viking had long hair; even the kids in his age group had long hair. One day he decided to ask Tuffnut. He walked up to the blond shyly. "Hey Tuffnut," he started. Tuffnut wheeled around. "What?" He asked gruffly. Hiccup took a deep breath. "Do you like having long hair?" He questioned. Tuffnut laughed. "Like it? I love it! It makes me feel like a Viking," he replied. "Oh," Hiccup replied, running the other direction. "Why?" Tuffnut called, but Hiccup was already gone.

Another month passed and if it was possible, Hiccup hated his hair even more. He saw all the big Vikings with their long hair and didn't feel like it suited him. If anything, he felt like it weighed him down. That by having long hair he was held to unrealistic

expectations. People had told him on countless occasions that he would never be a Viking, so why did he have to look like one. He was sick of it. Long hair was nothing but trouble and he hated it.

One day, as his mother was sleeping and his father was out training, he snuck into their bedroom and stole a pair of scissors from a drawer. He climbed up on a table and put his long locks into a ponytail at the base of his neck. Carefully he took the scissors and opened the blades. He positioned them at the top of his ponytail and closed the blades. The slowly began sawing off his long hair. Eventually the ponytail broke off into his hand and he was left with hair grazing his chin. He ran his fingers through his severed ponytail and smiled widely. He had done it. He heard his mother stirring inside and ran to his room. There he put on a helmet that was too large to hide his hair and stuffed his ponytail underneath his bed. His mother walked in.

"Are you hungry Hiccup?" She asked. He nodded, refusing to meet her eyes. "What's with the helmet?" She asked. He shrugged. "Just felt like wearing it," he answered, staring out the window. "Alright then," she said, turning to leave. "Are you coming?" She called over her shoulder. He scrambled off his bed in a hurry to get to her. Awkwardly, the helmet shifted, covering his eyes. He didn't see the step in front of him and he tripped on it, the helmet sailing off his head. His mother gasped at the sight of his uneven hair. "Hiccup what have you done?" She yelled, horrified. It was then that Hiccup began to cry.

"I'm sorry mom," he wailed. "But it was so long and it always got tangled and all Vikings have long hair but I'm not a Viking so I didn't think it was right," he sobbed. Her heart melted. "Oh Hiccup," she said, sitting next to him on the ground where he fell. She ran her fingers through the chin length mess. "Your dad is going to be mad," she admitted. He nodded, wiping his nose. "I know, but I don't care," he said. "I wanted short hair." She sighed. "C'mon into the kitchen, I'll fix it up for you," she stated, standing up. He stood and followed her into the kitchen where she pulled out a stool and a different pair of scissors. He sat down and she began the daunting task of fixing his hair. Light clumps of reddish-brown hair fell to the floor around him. Finally she lowered her scissors. She had cut it so he had bangs slightly past his eyebrows and feathery layers in the back.

"I'm done Hiccup," she said. Timidly he reached a hand up to his hair. His eyes widened. "It's so short," he whispered in surprise. His mother's eyes fell. "You don't like it do you?" She asked. Suddenly he broke out into a wide smile. "No I love it! Thanks mom," he said happily. He walked over and pulled her into a hug. She hugged back, stroking his cropped locks. "You're welcome," she replied. Suddenly the door opened and his father walked in. He took one look at Hiccup's hair and the scissors in his wife's hands and turned bright red.

"How could you cut his hair?" He questioned in outrage. Hiccup's mother stuttered, looking for words. Hiccup then stepped up. "She didn't cut it, she just evened it up. I'm the one who cut it," he confessed bravely. Stoick's anger dropped a few notches. "Why would you do that Hiccup?" He asked. Hiccup looked at the ground. "Because I didn't like my long hair and I wanted it short," he answered, not voicing his other reason. Stoick dropped to his knees next to his

son. He let out a long sigh. "Please don't be mad," Hiccup whispered. "I'm not," his father replied. "But you could have talked to me about it first Hiccup." Hiccup nodded. "I'm sorry," he said. "It's okay," his father responded, pulling Hiccup into a hug, and in that moment Hiccup knew it would be okay. He never grew his hair out again after that and no one expected him to.

End
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